THE
Fifteen PLEASURES
OF A
VIRGIN.
WRITTEN
By the suppos'd AUTHOR of
THE
Fifteen Plagues
OF A
Maidenhead.

Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intimitatis fulget honoribus. Hor. L. 3. Od. 2.

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AN APOLOGY FOR

The Fifteen Plagues of a Maidenhead, by the Imputed Author thereof.

SUppoſe 'twas I, you thought, had drew my Pen
On Virtue, ſee I fight for her agen;
Wherefore, I hope my Foes will all excuſe
Th' Extravagance of a Repenting Muſe;
Pardon whate'er ſhe has too boldly ſaid,
She only acted then in Maſquerade;
But now the Vizard's off, She's chang'd her Scene,
And turns a Modeſt, Civil Girl agen;
Let ſome admire the Fops whoſe Talent lie
Inventing dull, inſipid Blaſphemy;
I ſwear I cannot with thoſe Terms diſpence,
Nor won't be Damn'd for the Repute of Senſe;
I cou'd de Bawdy much, and nick the Times,
In what they dearly Love; damn'd Placket Rhimes;
But that ſuch Naus'ous Lines can reach no higher
Than what the Cod-Piece or Buffoons inſpire.
To noble Satyr, I'll direct my Aim,
And bite Mankind, and Poetry Reclaim;
I'll ever uſe my Wit another Way,
And next the Uglineſs of Vice diſplay.

Yours, &c.

THE FIFTEEN P——s OF A VIRGIN.

The first P——————

IN theſe unhappy and more wretched Days,
Eclipſed with Debauchery and Plays!
Virgins can ſcarce ſtir out, but ſome dull Fop,
Impertinently kind, her way will ſtop,
And almoſt force her to ſome Houſe of Sin,
Her Innocence and Virtue to draw in;
And if he can her Modeſty invade,
Glad with her Spoils and Trophies of a Maid,
The Villain is the firſt that will complain
Her foul Diſhonour, and polluted Shame.

The Second P——————.

A Maid diſpos'd to take the take the gentle Air,
And to *Gray's-Inn*, or *Temple-Walks* repair;
No ſooner enters ſhe the Garden Gate,
Sits down, and thinks of going e're 'tis late,
But ſome inſipid Squire having ſpy'd her,
Takes Heart of Steel, and boldly ſquats beſide her.
He thus accoſts her,—Madam, *Ah! by Gad*
You're wond'rous Fair; but Lady, why ſo ſad?
Her Innocence he thinks will ſoon ſubmit,
To all the ſwagg'ring Tyrants of his Wit;
But being ſtrictly taught in Vertue's School,
She does not only ſlight the prating Fool,
Contemn'd his Actions, and his feigned Tone,
But leaves the Lawyer ſtrait to Curſe alone,

The Third P——.

THE Maid that's Bleſſed with a beauteos Face,
A gentile Air, and as genteel a Grace;
On her ſome am'rous Beau ſhon caſts his Eyes,
And to obtain the much admired Prize;
He faſhionably dreſſes, ſtruts, looks big,
Like *John* of *Gaunt*, and in a pond'rous Wig;
A ſubtle, ſly, and cunning Ambuſcade,
For her Virginity is quickly laid;
Of Love he tells a Thouſand Fictious Tales,
Till over her Diſcretion Luſt prevails,
But modeſt Maids, whoſe young and tender Hearts
Unwounded yet, have the ſcap'd fatal Darts;
Let the ſad Fates of wanton Strumpets move,
And learn by them to ſhun unlawful Love:
Thus Virgins, if you'll by modeſty embrace,
By making all Allurements give you place:
Virtue a Sanctuary e'er ſhall be
Againſt the Quivers of Iniquity.

The Fourth P——.

A Maid of honeſt, but mean Parents Born,
Theſe Times is only made the rich Man's ſcorn,
Howe'er her Beauty tempting ſome young Spark
He takes her to the Playhouſe and the Park,
Where he with many Imprecations vows,
His Fortune and his Life to her he owes;
But finding his Temptations are in vain,
Her Company in Wrath he do's refuſe;
Which at the firſt may touch her tender Heart,
And make her feel the force of *Cupid's* Dart;
But Time and Abſence having made a Cure
Of that ſame Plague ſhe could not firſt endure.
She ſays, as now I'm well, recite not then
The Falſhood and Deceit of Perjur'd Men,
Virtue retain'd, that Man I'll ever ſhun
Whom I cannot by Marriage claim my Right,

The

The Fifth P——, in a Dialogue betwixt Cloris *and* Partheniſea.

Clo. WHY doſt thou all Addreſs deny?
Hard-hearted *Partheniſea*, why?
See how the trembling Lovers come,
That from thy Lips expect their Doom.
Par. Cloris! I hate them all, they know,
Nay I have often told them ſo;
Their ſilly Politicks abhorr'd:
I ſcorn to make my Slave my Lord.
Clo. But *Strephon*'s Eyes proclaim his Love
Too brave, Tyrannical to prove.
Par. Ah *Cloris!* when we loſt our Power?
We muſt obey the Conqueror.
Clo. Yet when a gentle Prince bears ſway,
It is no Bondage to Obey.
Par. But if like *Nero*, for a while,
With Brts of Kindneſs he beguile,
How ſhall the Tyrant be withſtood,
When he has writ his Laws in Blood?
Clo. Love (*Partheniſea*) all commands,
It fetters Kings in charming Bands;
Mars yields his Arms to *Cupid*'s Darts,
And Beauty ſoftens Savage Hearts.
Par. Well may you chooſe to be a Wife,
I'll ſtill retain a Single Life.

The Sixth P——.

RID of a Coxcomb, next a Siege is laid
Againſt the weak Repulſes of a Maid,
By one that keeps a Coach and Lackies too,
And that he might his wicked Plots purſue,
In gawdy Dreſs he would her Heart ſurprize,
With Gold to dazle her too watchful Eyes;
But Vertue cheriſhing her Virtuous Breaſt,
With ſo much Innocence which made her bleſt,

Her

Her Innocence as hitherto ne'er knew
What Mischief *Venus*, or her Son cou'd do.

The Seventh P——————.

WHere blindfold Fortune has been pleas'd to (place
A Virgen with a Master void of Grace,
With Foot, with Hand, or Eyes, he'll Tokens
The Tigns deny, these Assigoations make; (speak,
Thinks she shall be as pliant to his Uses,
As Sturmpets on a *Cornval* let loose;
But if she's Chast, his Miss she will not be,
Unless she is as Fend and Bi[illegible] as he,

The [illegible]

A Ngro *Couring* [illegible],
That was most Fair; to him she said,
Thy Ink, my Papper, make me guess,
Our Nuptial Bed will make a Press;
And to our Sports, if any came,
They'll read a Wanton Epigram,

The Ninth P——.

HOW *many Sweethearts do these follow*
Whose fell Design I know's to Ruine me;
but let me banish this forbidden Fire,
Or quench it with my Blood, or with't expire;
Unstain'd in Honour, and unhurt in Fame,
I'll never blast Virginity Shame,

The Tenth P——.

A *Saithr vowing he would all his Life,*
Be true to me, he took another Wife;
whose Folshood (not as ere he did Invade
My Honour) made me sick, and dying, said,
Ah now at my last Hour I weeping lie,
Let only my kind Murtherer be by.

Let him, while I br?ath out my Soul in Sighs,
Or gaz't away, look on with pitying Eyes;
Let him (for ſure he can't deny me this)
Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kiſs.

The Eleventh P——.

TO have a Sweetheart once it was my Fate,
Whom much I lov'd, and now as much do hate,
So going to be coupled for my Life,
He was took from me by a former Wife;
Henceforwards I ſhall ever cautious be
Of Marrying one, a Stranger unto me.

The Twelfth P——.

A Sweetheart whom I lov'd, and he lov'd me,
Intoxicated with Curſs'd Jealouſie,
Without a Cauſe, my Idnocence did ſlight,
Which urged ſoon my Paſſion thus to write,
Kind Health, which you, and only you can grant,
Which, if deny'd, I muſt for ever want;
To you your Lover ſends; but bluſhing Shame,
In ſilence bids my Paper hide my Name.
Witneſs what Pains (for you alone can know)
Poor helpleſs I do bear and undergo;
A thouſand Racks and Martyrdoms, and more
Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore:
You rule alone my Arbitrary Fate.
And Life and on your diſpoſal wait.
How little more remains for me to crave!
How little more for you to give! O ſave
A wretched Maid undone by Love and you,
Who does in Tears and dying Accents ſue;
Who bleeds that Paſſion ſhe had ne'er reveal'd,
If not by Love, Almighty Love compell'd.

No ever let her mournful Tomb complain,
Here *Phillis*, kill'd by your cold Diſdain;
And to her Honour let it e'er be ſaid,
She dy'd a faithful Lover, yet a Maid.

The Thirteenth P———.

BLeſſed with Beauty, Money, Youth and Wit,
I'm naily plagu'd with ſome Penurious Cit,
But e'er I will to ſuch be forc'd to yield,
To a Man of Senſe I Will reſign the Field,
For Men of Reading more of Love can ſhow,
Than dull Mechanicks e'er can learn or know.

The Fourteenth P———,

A Maid can ſcarce into a Service wet,
But Prentice Boys (void both of Senſe and Wit)
Will lead the Servant ſuch a tedious Life,
To Change the Name of Maid to that of Wife,
That ſhe, to ſhun their ſolid Impudence,
Muſt leave her Service in her own Defence.

Fifteenth P———.

WHAT ſpiteful Star, when I was Born did Rule,
That I'm thus teazed with a whining Fool,
Which is the very worſt of Fools; for he,
Got in a Stran of dull Simplicity,
Crys, *Adeſ!* ſee my Looks, my wiſhing Eyes,
My melting Tears, and hear my begging Sighs;
About your Neck I could have flung my Arms,
And been all over Love, all over Charms;
Graſp and hang on your K—, and there have dy'd,
There breath my gaſping Soul out tho' deny'd.
My earneſt Suits ſhall never give you reſt,
While Life and Love more durable ſhall laſt;
Alive I'll Pray, 'till Breath in Pray'rs be loſt,
And after come a kind beſeeching Ghoſt.
He thought theſe ſoft Expreſſions ſoon might move
My Heart, which was bequeath'd before to Love,
No, no, theſe whindling Fops I really hate,
And ſince I am reſolv'd to change my State,
A Man of Wit and Senſe I do adore,
To him I grant my Favours and my Store,
As certain Wedlock with ſo good a Choice,
May make my Judgment, whilſt I live rejoice.

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